(No. XXVIII.)

THE PASTIME.

SCHENECTADY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

KNOW THYSELF.

WHEN we look around us, and consider the vices and follies of mankind, we can scarcely credit the boastful declaration that *man is rational*.—What is man? asks the critical observer of men and manners. What is man? asks the philosopher, while he views his virtues and vices, in the light of truth.—He is, exclaims the candid spectator of his conduct, a compound of virtue and vice, of strength and weakness, of wisdom and folly. Vain of imaginary excellence, he swells with pride and arrogance; or, confining his views to a sphere too narrow, he sinks into meanness. Deluded by a phantom, he wanders in the mazes of a labyrinth too deep for his penetration; or, idle and inactive, lies hid in the slumbers of oblivion. Conscious of his strength, he rises superior to the shafts of adversity; or, unmanned by prosperity, degrades his noble powers in the sink of vice and sensuality.—Guided by reason and virtue, he appears an angel; driven by passion and malice, he becomes a devil.

Such is man! possessing, in his nature, the brightest virtues and the blackest vices. The hero, who surmounts the outrage of opposing fortune, and rises superior to danger and death, is no more than a man—and the sensualist, who sinks himself to the level of a beast, is no less. "*Know thyself*," said a celebrated philosopher of antiquity; and well may it render his name immortal. Where is the duty which this precept does not inculcate? where is the virtue which it does not comprehend? What more could the philanthropist, fired with the love of mankind, striving to remove the mist of ignorance from the benighted mind, and to turn the guilty from the paths of vice—what more could he say to the ignorant or the vicious wretch than, "*Know thyself*."

Self-knowledge, unlike other sciences, not only inculcates, it *enforces* the practice of virtue. Had, then, the athiest known himself, would he have denied his God? Had the murderer known himself, would he have raised his fatal hand against his brother mortal? Had the heathen known himself, would he have prostrated himself before a dumb idol? Had the drunkard known himself, would he have indulged intemperance? Had the miser known himself, would he have confined his views to sordid, glittering dust? Had the man of pleasure known him-

self, would he have wasted his fortune and destroyed his health, in the paths of sensuality and the pursuit of vicious gratifications? Had the wretch, whose heart is steeled to tender compassion, known himself, would he have sent the hungry fainting from his door? would he have turned a deaf ear to the cries of distress? would humanity have plead in vain?

"*Know thyself*," said the philosopher. Let us, then, study this difficult science, and learn what is man. Let us learn how the knowledge of ourselves will guard us from vice, and lead us in the paths of virtue.—Man was framed by the hand and actuated by the breath of divinity. He was formed a social and benevolent being. He was placed in an exalted sphere—and the most bright and unbounded prospects laid before him.

Self-knowledge, by teaching us what we are, induces us to have a proper respect for ourselves, and never to degrade the dignity of our nature by mean pursuits or unworthy actions. Man was formed pure and upright, and in truth and virtue was placed his glory and happiness; hence every deviation from the path of rectitude, by deadening the finest feelings of the soul, bars the avenue of real enjoyment and disgraces the man. Hence, in proportion as man conforms his actions to the precepts of virtue and benevolence, he becomes more exalted and noble; in proportion as he deviates from them, he sullies the brightest faculties of his nature. Hence, the path of duty is the path of honor and delight.

Had, then, the atheist known himself, he would have knelt to the earth; he would have raised his eye to heaven, and acknowledged, with trembling lips, the Creator and governor of the universe. Had the murderer known himself, he would have shuddered at his horrid project. Had the liar known himself, his deceiving tongue would have faultered. Had the debauchee known himself, he would have sought for true pleasure, in the practice of virtue. Had the wretch, whose heart is steeled to tender compassion, known himself, he would have relieved the distressess of the wretched; the tear of humanity would have trembled in his eye for the miseries of mankind.

Forgetful of himself, man has run into the most absurd errors, the greatest follies and the blackest crimes; forgetful of himself, he has dated his existence by the life of a brute; forgetful of himself, he has spread slaughter and death around him; and preferred the acclamations of a multitude to an approving conscience.

Had man known himself, earth had been a paradise; let, then, self-knowledge be our first study.—Let us rise, from the knowledge of ourselves, to the works of creation, and to the God who made them —An eternity opens upon us; let us then, act up to the dignity of our nature, to the sphere in which the Omnipotent

From a Mss. Journal.

hath placed us ; in prosperity, let us not forget ourselves, in adversity, let us remember that we are men.

For the Pastime.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL.

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, August 13, 1806. I walked on the banks of the Lehigh—it was twilight, and the breezes played sweetly after a warm summer's day—rapid flashes lighted up the dark clouds of the west, and the thunder rolled over the hills.—The storm was afar off—in Bethlehem all was tranquil, all was peace. It was the evening of the congregation's festival, and the pious sisters had entered the church to perform the duties of evening devotion. The heralds of time sounded their notice from the high top of the lofty edifice—the mellow music of the horn floated along the valley—the notes died away, and all was stillness. My eyes were involuntarily filled with tears—I cast them towards Heaven—perhaps it was the delusion of fancy, but I thought at *that* moment, that GOD and the ANGELS looked down on Bethlehem with sweet complacency. Blessed retreat of pure christianity ! Exclusive point of *social* love and social happiness ! Be pious hope, firm faith, and feeling charity, always thine—and may the BEING, whom thou adorest keep thee under his *wing*, that no evil may harm thee !

LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY.

FOREIGN.

The comet which made its appearance here, was observed by Mr. Firminger, Oct. 6, at 8 hours 17 minutes 4 seconds. Declination 7 degrees 23 minutes 28 seconds ; observed by an excellent small equatorial, made by the celebrated Mr. Bird. The length of the tail, as found by the time of its passage over the meridianal wire, extended 50 minutes of a degree, and its mean breadth measured about 7 minutes.

The proprietors of Golden Lane Brewery have tried the experiment of lighting a street by coal gas lights. The furnace which supplies the gas, is in the brewery in Golden Lane, from whence a pipe proceeds, out of which branch smaller pipes at right angles to the lamps, each of which has an aperture in its lower extremity, to receive the pipe ; two or three small holes, made in the end of the pipe, convey the gas, which being kindled, gives a very brilliant light. In Golden Lane a single row of lamps, about twenty yards asunder, completely illuminated both sides of the lane.

The Romans, during their residence in Britain, established a manufactory of woollen cloth near Winchester, which was so extensive as to supply their army.

Literature and Philosophy.

The following is a statement of the French finances.

Supply.

1806.	Expenses, - - -	689,065,000
1807.	Do. - - - -	720,000,000

Ways and Means.

Ordinary Revenue, - - -	640,000,000
External Receipts, - - -	80,000,000
	720,000,000

It appears that the regular revenue of 1807 is adequate to the expenditure of that year, and that the augmentation of expense in 1806, is 30,004,017, of which 29,500,000 was incurred in the war department.

A new comedy from Mrs. Inchbald will be brought out at Covent Garden Theatre the present session.

Mrs. Whitlock made her appearance at Drury Lane, about the 1st October, in Moore's tragedy of *Percy*. The English critics remark, that had not Mrs. Siddons come before her, she would have ranked with any tragic actress of her time. Her reception was very flattering.

DOMESTIC.

We understand that correct editions of the Classicks, and of Classical Dictionaries, are about to be undertaken by two literary gentlemen of New-York—and we are authorized in saying that J. M. Mason, D. D. is one of the editors. It is expected that a prospectus will appear shortly. It is intended to commence with *Virgil and Ainsworth's Dictionary.*

No. 1, of the Guardian, published weekly on Saturdays, by Van Benthuysen & Wood, Albany, appeared on the 21st of November last. The Guardian is handsomely printed on 4 pages quarto, and devoted to literary topics, with a brief summary of foreign and domestic news. Terms, two dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

No. 1, of the Modern Spectator, a literary paper, printed on 8 pages quarto, and published on Fridays, by Mess'rs. Kollock & Gould, Newark, New-Jersey, appeared on the 27th of November last.

Proposals for a new edition of Cowper's Poems, with an account of his life, in 3 12mo volumes, printed with new type and embellished with copperplate engravings, have been issued by Joseph Cushing, Amherst, N. H. Price to subscribers, on fine paper, neatly bound and lettered, $3 :—on vellum paper, bound in calf and gilt, $5

Just published in Philadelphia, price $3 25, The American Register, or general repository of history, politics and science, vol. 1. This publication is modelled on the plan of the British

Annual Register, and will be continued semi-annually. It is edited by Mr. C. B. Brown, and contains an accurate and impartial history of all national and political events of the passing time, whether relating directly or indirectly to our own country —A register of all public papers; all official and diplomatic documents relative to military, fiscal or civil transactions, and official papers of individual states which are of general importance—A chronicle of all memorable events, which happen in private life, and are generally interesting, or reflect a light on the actual condition of society and manners. An abstract of the literary history of the times, with a view of British publications, and a sketch of American literature, poetry, register of deaths, and an abstract of all the laws passed in the first session of the ninth congress, &c.

Mess'rs Munroe & Francis, Boston, have just published letters from England, by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella. Translated from the Spanish. Price $1 25.

No. 1, of the Times, a new weekly paper, in 4 pages quarto, appeared at Boston, on Saturday, Dec. 12. Price $2 50 per annum.

VARIETY.

BUSKIN CHALLENGE.—The following curious challenge first appeared in the Baltimore Evening Post, and is now running the round of the papers.

"*A* CHALLEGE *to Mr.* COOPER, *of the Philadelphia Theatre.*

A gentleman in this city, hearing of your great fame in theatricals, would wish to call your attention to its *importance*—he therefore will venture on the issue—*he proposes* (if agreeable) to dispute your *right* to that predominant rank you hold in the *territory* of "*Thespis,*" in a *manner* he should hope, that would meet your wishes—the Theatre is now open at Philadelphia—yourself employed in that *Theatre* can lead to no very serious consequences—it is therefore proposed that you take from amongst the characters of "Macbeth, Penruddock and Alexander" the *one* in which you feel *most happy*, and the gentleman will acquiesce in *either* choice, and stake 2000 dollars on the issue—that is to say, *you* take one *night*—he the other at *his* choice—not to exceed *one* night after the first performance of the character chosen—should this seem congenial to your wishes, an answer in the public prints is required; when received, a letter will be directed to you which shall fully satisfy you as respects the pecuniary consideration."

From the happy assurance of the challenger, the frequent marks of emphasis employed by him, from the ornamental dash, and the incorrect, illiterate style, we presume he has the honor to be a distinguished member of some theatrical corps. But neither is the man so desperate an adventurer as some would imagine, for we are decidedly of opinion, that if his bet is accepted, he will win; allowing his own criterion, that is, *the number of persons in the house.* And though Mr. Challenger might, and doubtless would, make the "*judicious grieve,*" yet he well knows that their number is too small to be set in comparison with the dozens of "*barren spectators,*" whom all-powerful curiosity would attract on such an extraordinary occasion.—*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

Variety.

Professor Wales, of New-Haven, being once asked by a lawyer, how it happened that while many leave the desk for the bar, so very few leave the bar for the desk ? replied with classical promtitude :

——Facilis descensus Averni :
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis :
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. *Virgil.*

The gates of hell are open night and day ;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way :
But, to return, and view the cheerful skies—
In this the task and mighty labor lies !
Dryden's Translation.

LINES WRITTEN ON A ROCK NEAR THE OCEAN.

I love, when rueful whirlwinds sleep,
To climb this brow,
And watch below,
The curling breeze steal o'er the deep.

Wave after wave, in endless train,
Rolls to the shore,
Then seen no more,
It sinks into the watery plain.

Thus coursing on, reflection views
Each hour give place,
In endless chase,
To one that, closely still pursues :—
'Till all subduing, undistinguish'd lie,
Hush'd in the womb of dread eternity.

Bonaparte, not content with revolutionizing the continent, appears now resolved to revolutionize the heavens. The University of Leipsic has resolved that the stars in the Sword and Girdle of Orion shall in future be called, " The Stars of Napoleon." *London paper.*

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

On revisiting the cottage of Rosa in early Spring, after a long absence.

SEVEN Summers have flown, and once more do I see
The fields and the groves I deserted so long ;
Scarce a bud yet appears on the winter-beat tree,
Nor a bird yet enlivens the sky with his song.

For though Spring has returned, yet the chilly wind blows,
And the violets and daises still hide in the ground ;
But one dear little flower, one beautiful ROSE,
Here blooms and here blushes the seasons all round.

Thou pride of the plain, little queen of the grove,
Still fresh is thy foliage, and sweet thy perfume,
And still the bright object of PARIDEL's love,
As when thy first buds were beginning to bloom.

Original Poetry.

And though fate has decreed that he must not aspire
This blossom divine on his bosom to wear,
Yet still must he cherish the tender desire,
And make thee forever the theme of his prayer.

Blow gently, ye Zephyrs, be genial ye showers,
Bright and warm be the sky o'er thy dear native vale,
And may no bitter blast ever ravage the bowers,
That guard thy fair frame from the merciless gale.

And when the short season of blooming shall end,
Which fate to the children of nature has given,
May some cherub of beauty, to snatch thee, descend,
And bear thee to bloom in the garden of Heaven.

PARIDEL.

A Nocturnal Baloon.—Garnerin has made a new and beautiful use of the baloon at Paris. He mounted from the gardens of Tivoli at night, in a baloon illuminated with 120 lamps. He mounted from the garden at 11 o'clock, on a very dark night, under Russian colours as a sign of peace, when floating high in the air, above the multitude of admiring spectators, a flight of sky-rockets were discharged at him, which, he says, broke into sparks, hardly rising to his vision from the earth; and Paris with all its blaze reflecting lamps, appeared to him but like a spot—like the *pleiades*, for instance, to the naked eye. He gained an elevation, he says of 3000 toises, and speaks with enthusiasm of his seeing the sun rise at that height. After a flight of seven hours and a half, he descended near Reims 45 leagues from Paris.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

A correspondent in New-York, to whom we owe many obligations, has sent us the following elegiac lines to the memory of a dear departed friend. The premature death of Mr. Blauvelt, must excite the regret of all who knew him. He was certainly oftentimes a sweet poet—he was becoming every day more and more so—he had left the gay haunts of giddy folly to "woo the muse alone"—and in his retirements he had enviable and delicious fancies, such as common people are not suffered to enjoy. His mind was all awake to meditation. He reflected on nature with the fervor of a sincere adorer, and catching the lively warmth which a clear view of truth never fails to inspire, he threw off the fashionable follies of the time, and was rapidly becoming the bold, the firm, the energetic advocate of virtue. Some few of Mr. Blauvelt's unthinking friends will discredit this, but *we know* that he wanted nothing but health to enable him to take a glorious stand in the field of morals. He is now dead. The patriot should weep, for Blauvelt might have added to the country's dignity. The friends of virtue should mourn, for one of her few supporters are gone, and vice has one enemy less to cope with. Mr. Blauvelt died with resignation. He was many days sensible that his life was fast drawing to a close. He expressed some fears at the first assurance that he could not long live, and thought it cruel to be cut off from all his ambitious hopes of this world. But he soon made his peace with God, relying on his mercy and his goodness: and "like a lone taper doomed to shed awhile its mournful splendors," he seemed brighter than ever for a while, and then—went out!

Original Poetry.

LINES

On the death of ABRAHAM L. BLAUVELT, Esq. distinguished by his poetical works over the signature of LODINUS.

Night, in her zenith, spreads her shade around,
And misty vapors stretch along the vale—
The midnight clock, with distant solemn sound,
Flings its dread notice to the hollow gale.

Mild contemplation fears no more the crowd,
Who court bold day, and night's calm stillness fly—
Light rests the morn, upon a silver cloud,
And bright stars twinkle in the distant sky.

At such a time, with cautious fearful tread,
From tear-dewed pillow silently I haste,
Steal to the church yard—where, amid the dead,
The tall elms whisper to the sighing blast.

All, all, is mute—the cricket's lively note
No more is heard, to sound its little trill—
On the air's bosom white clouds lightly float,
And their dark shadows sleep upon the hill.

By the pale moon my vigil thus to keep,
To bend the wayward mind to truth's control,
To lull the frenzy of mad cares to sleep,
Is sweetest honey to the wearied soul.

Here, by this tomb, where lost LODINUS lies,
With pious sorrow for his early death,
Here let me weep, while softly, sadly sighs
O'er his green grave, the zephyrs' lowly breath.

And oh! dear thought, mayhap thy gentle shade
Hovers o'er friendship, weeping at thy tomb,
Unseen, may watch where thy remains are laid,
And love, with me, the churchyard's awful gloom.

No more on earth thy genius shall aspire
To charm, in numbers, fancy's listening ear—
Thy master hand no more shall sweep the lyre,
To melt the heart, and raise the extatic tear.

In thee the patriot mourns a jewel gone,
From young Columbia's coronet of fame—
Sighs, that so soon, unfeeling death hath drawn
The grave's dark curtain o'er thy rising name.

Untouch'd, thy harp hangs sighing to the wind
Which rustles in the willow o'er thy tomb,
That harp with verdant myrtle shall be twin'd
And o'er thy grave the laurel bay shall bloom!

Columbia's genius, bending from the skies,
Leans o'er thy tomb, and drops a sacred tear,
High swells her bosom; and she lowly sighs,
"THE PROMISED GLORY OF MY MUSE LIES HERE."

New-York, December 7, 1807.

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End of year 1807